

Good Morning 761

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



SEAT WITH A VIEW for P.O. Ernest Carter

IF you have never felt an affinity with guinea-pigs, P.O. Ernest Carter, you may do when you return to 34 Willington Road, Eastbourne. Reason is, your wife is quite prepared to experiment on you with her recently acquired cooking abilities.

Still, we visited her at first at her work, and as she is so efficient when dealing with such complicated a thing as rationing, she should be able to master cookery very successfully.

And if anything should go wrong—well, Mum could always lend a hand. She at least has not forgotten how to prepare your favourite grilled steak and trimmings!

While Mum specialises in the culinary department at 34, Granddad still holds sway in the garden, and you will find it as pleasant a place as ever to take your ease in when you come home.

Your wife is anticipating many more enjoyable evenings at the Winter Gardens, too, with the music played by your favourite band, that of Gordon Ryder. Or, maybe, you will still be finishing up at the Luxor, even though your wife has not bought the place yet!

If the Luxor does not have the pleasure of your wife's patronage as often as it used when you went with her, Hampden Park continues to receive her weekly visits. Your folk there hope it won't be long now till you accompany her.

The rest of your family are also in good health, and your nephews, Barry, Peter and Leslie, are growing up fast, and look forward to seeing their Uncle again.

Bob was home a short while before we called, and the whole family took a picnic tea to the beach, where an enjoyable time was had by all.

Your parents have also had a visit from Elsie and Billy with Robert from Guildford, so you can see that the folk are certainly not forgotten at Hampden Park.

They are hoping that soon they will be able to have a real re-union with you as special guest.

When all the celebrations are over, your wife looks forward to settling down to some serious house-hunting again.

We would like to join all your well-wishers in hoping that you both succeed in finding that little place with its window-seat view of the rolling South Downs that you are so keen of having.

Paddy Gets the Stamp

FOR the past five years, Paddy, the collie dog belonging to Mr. H. Gold, of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, has made a round trip of three miles each week to buy a stamp for his master.

Each Sunday Mr. Gold has placed a half-crown in Paddy's mouth, and off he trots to Miss F. Singer, in Wavertree, a mile and a-half away.

There he meekly gives up the money to Miss Singer, the Savings Group Secretary, who, in exchange, puts a savings stamp, wrapped in paper, in Paddy's mouth, and back he goes to complete his three-mile weekly journey.

In all this time, Paddy has never lost a coin or a stamp.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Tangles to Sort Out on Back-pay Day

MANY millions of men and women in all parts of the world are wondering when they will get their money due to them "after the war." Sums probably totalling several thousands of Millions of pounds are owed for all kinds of things to all kinds of people.

On of the biggest items, of course, is the gratuity which every Allied country is paying its veterans on demobilisation.

In Britain alone, it is estimated that payments to war veterans after demobilisation will eventually total £700,000,000 and the total in the U.S.A. is far greater.

All the Dominions have made generous provision for their veterans and the total sum paid in gratuities will eventually probably exceed £2,000,000,000.

Another very large sum due is in respect of post-war credits on the income tax. In the Finance Act of 1941, it was provided that part of the heavy additional taxation imposed should be refunded after the war.

There was a limit of £65 in any one year on the amount to which a single tax-payer could be credited, but while no announcement of the total "owing" on post-war credits has been made, it must now run well into nine figures.

No date when these credits will be paid has been fixed. It is obvious, however, that the credits could not be paid altogether without considerable risk of dislocation of the country's economy, and many anticipate that whatever Government is in power, it will keep this huge debt in hand as a useful safe-

guard against unemployment, the credits being refunded when there are signs that a "slump" is approaching.

Hundreds of inventors too, will seek to collect rewards and royalties they believe are due to them.

In many cases where there has been no dispute about the value and ownership of an idea or invention, cash payment has been made by the Government; but in many other cases there will be claims by inventors which will probably go before an independent commission.

Judging by what happened after 1914-18 war, inventors should not anticipate getting

their money in a hurry! The Royal Commission on Awards and Inventions appointed did not complete its work for eighteen years, although it worked hard.

Its awards totalled £1,500,000, the largest sum being for improvements to the internal combustion engine.

Ninety claims for improving the tank were admitted. Major Swinton was acknowledged the prime inventor. The total claims paid in this respect were £15,000.

Inventors also have considerable claims for royalties against manufacturers in enemy countries. During the war, of course, no royalties have been paid by German or Italian manufacturers to British owners of patents and by British manufacturers to German and Italian owners.

But British manufacturers have been paying royalties to the Custodian of Enemy Property, who must now have a very useful sum of money in hand. Over 2,000 applications for the use of enemy patents have been made.

The same arrangements may result in the settlement of claims for copyright fees in respect of books, stories, plays and music. British plays, notably Shaw, have been performed in Germany during the war without, of course, any performing rights being paid to the authors. On the other hand, the Custodian of Enemy Property has collected royalties for German books translated in English. There will be some pretty tangles to sort out.

For instance, nearly £20,000 is awaiting the Czech composers of "Roll Out the

Barrel," whose whereabouts is unknown.

Whether the Germans will attempt to collect for "Lili Marlene" is another matter!

Millions of pounds are owed to prisoners of war in accumulated pay, etc. Britain and the U.S. cleared off much of this with the end of the war in Europe, but huge sums are owing for those who have been captive in the Far East. The U.S. owed about £4,000,000 to some thousands of men and women in the Philippine Islands caught by the Japs. Much has been paid off.

The highest amount received by anyone was £4,500, but even a typist received over £1,000—several years' "back-pay."

Millions will also be paid to Navy men as prize money. About £19,000,000 has already been awarded by the Prize Courts and by the end of the Japanese War the total will be much higher. Every man will get a share according to his rank.

After the last war when 15 millions out of a total of 43 million pounds was distributed as prize money shares varied from £3,000 for an Admiral down to £25 for a seaman.

People who have had houses or furniture destroyed by enemy actions are waiting. No one knows when full payment will be made for all the buildings destroyed, but the Government has collected over £200,000,000 in premiums on war damage, although many with small claims for lost or damaged chattels have been paid.

T. S. DOUGLAS.



"What d'you mean, you thought I was away on holiday 'avin' a swell time?"

The "Brab" is Magic Carpet of Peace

BRITAIN'S peace armada of commercial air liners is already beginning to roll off the assembly lines, and British airline companies intend to have a considerable share in the international civil air transport of the world. Amongst the many "stars" in Britain's team of civil air liners is one which has not yet flown, but by virtue of its far-sighted design, is already a certain success. It is the Bristol Brabazon I, a mammoth-sized air liner, the biggest plane yet designed by British aircraft companies.

WHEN describing the Brabazon I, it is easier to mention the luxuries it hasn't got. The only two that aren't built into the "Brab" are a swimming pool and promenade deck!

Otherwise the passengers can find all the comforts they would find on an ocean liner—good beds, excellent food, reading-rooms, bathrooms, dressing-rooms, etc.

Built by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the air liner was named after Lord Brabazon, Britain's Minister of Aircraft Production in 1941 and 1942. When the idea of a giant liner suitable to carry a great weight over oceans and continents was first envisaged, the question was whether it should be a flying-boat or landplane.

With the advent during the war years, of the large-sized air liner (100,000lbs. and over), and the high-powered aero engine (2,500 h.p. and over), the landplane has come into its own. Amongst its advantages is the fact that it can operate in all weathers, at least theoretically. In the event of severe cold freezing the landing water the flying-boat is doomed.

The landplane is far easier and quicker to unload and service, valuable time being lost by flying-boats while taxiing to their moorings, unshipping cargoes and passengers on to motor launches, and being refuelled from a "bowser" alongside. Besides, the landplane is more aerodynamically efficient.

But the main reason why the landplane now competes with the flying-boat is due to the great change in the power-loading ratio of aircraft in general.

Nowadays there is far more power per weight of aircraft than in pre-war times. With the advent of the 2,000-2,500 h.p. and over aero engine, the vastly improved safety factor, due to the increased power to weight ratio, has made the extra margin of safety provided by flying-boats in trans-oceanic flying, unnecessary.

With planes of the 20,000 h.p. class, the chances of a forced landing at sea are so minute as to be non-existent.

Since this safety factor has made the landplane as safe as air transport can be, and since this size of aircraft is more efficient in landplane form, it was decided to make the Brabazon a landplane—the pioneer air liner of its class.

The Brabazon is old-fashioned in only one way—it is powered by radial engines, and not by jet or reaction-drive motors. Since, however, the efficiency of the jet engine only exceeds that of the ordinary type of reciprocating aero engine at speeds in excess of 500 m.p.h., the Brabazon will not suffer from being powered by "old-type" motors.

Some idea of the superiority of this plane over its competitors can be gauged by studying the performance data of an aircraft which is now doing the

"Brab's" job—for example, if we compare it with the latest standard American trans-oceanic flying-boat, the Boeing 314-A, "Clipper," we find the following:—

Passenger accommodation on "Clipper": 68 persons.

Passenger accommodation on "Brabazon": 224 persons. Range of "Clipper": 3,685 miles.

Range of "Brabazon": 5,000 miles.

Maximum speed of "Clipper": 210 m.p.h.

Maximum speed of "Brabazon": 340 m.p.h.

Cruising speed of "Clipper": 188 m.p.h.

Cruising speed of "Brabazon": 250 m.p.h.

Operational altitude of "Clipper": 11,000 ft.

Operational altitude of "Brabazon": 25,000 ft.

These figures also give some idea of the improvement in air liner performance which has taken place during the war years. Here is another example showing the general increase in size during this period.

The gross weight of the Lockheed "Constellation" (C-69), America's best and biggest passenger plane at the moment, is 75,000lbs. (about 15,000lbs. more than the weight of a loaded "Halifax" bomber). The weight of the "Brabazon" will be 246,400lbs.!

The wing span of the C-69 is 123ft., and that of the "Brabazon" 230ft. The C-69's four 1,800 h.p. Wright "Cyclone" engines give it a total of 7,200 h.p.

The eight 2,500 h.p. Bristol "Centaurus" 18-cylinder radial engines of the "Brabazon," grouped in pairs within its wings to drive four contra-rotating airscrews composed of

two 3-bladed airscrews each, give this giant a total of 20,000 h.p.!

With improvements in the "Centaurus" engines this will ultimately be increased to at least 28,000 h.p.

During the twelve hours that the "Brab" takes to fly from London to New York, the passengers will be able to have drinks at the bar, lunch as well as they could at the best hotels, read and relax in the 30ft. lounge on the centre top deck, or doze in home-sized beds if they want to "sleep it off."

The crew have their own mess, and the captain, as on a ship, has a cabin to himself.

At the Bristol Aircraft factory at Filton, a full-scale wooden model, known as a mock-up, has already been built. Its tremendous size is toned down by slim contours and perfect aerodynamic streamlining. Its giant wooden tail stands 52ft. high.

But it must not be expected that the "Brabazon" is going to have no competitors of comparable size. It is certain that American aircraft companies will also produce air liners of the size and performance of the "Brabazon."

It is, indeed, from this quarter that the most dangerous—one might even say the only—competition will come. After the production of the B-29 Superfortress and its cargo-carrying sister, the record-breaking C-97, America's air industry has been strangely silent about its plans and designs for the civil air liner market. This silence won't fool anyone. Something is cooking, and the U.S. aircraft designers are cooking it!

But the "Brabazon" is happily confident it can take on all comers for years to come.

Besides, we can cook, too!

PETER VINCENT.

SHULK'S AMBUSH

IN tending her young Yamma the hare went unawares in deadly peril.

It was in the heath and bog myrtle of the rough field between the edge of the moor and the long birchwood that her week-old leverets were concealed.

From the moor she came down each night to feed them.

Yamma knew that in the birchwood the fox Ulach had his home; but Ulach was old; he ate mice and voles chiefly; and he did not hunt in the vicinity of his den.

On the high moor dwelt another fox, Shulk, a big and powerful animal, who observed no territorial limits.

Of his movements the hare knew little because his craft was superior to her own.

For the same reason Shulk in two nights learnt about Yamma all that was necessary for his purpose.

On the first of these two nights he had found her scent-line at the gate that opened from the field to the moor.

He followed it under the gate, round a haystack that stood close to the wall, and down the slope towards Ulach's birchwood. Then the curlews spotted him.

That ended his first, brief inquiry into the habits of Yamma the hare.

With the clamour of the birds ringing almost painfully in his ears, he turned away to cover, aware that his quarry would be alert and stalking would be fruitless.

Just before dawn the fox from the moor heard the distant alarm cry of redshanks down by the river.

Peewits joined in, and Shulk knew that Ulach was on his way home from his night's work.

Soon the curlews in the rough field would utter their usual frenzied cries as the old fox passed through to his den among the birches.

The curlews had called their alarm over field and wood, and had fallen quiet again when Shulk he had found her scent-line at the gate that opened from the field to the moor.

He nosed about them and

found Yamma's scent, fresh and warm, where she had just passed by.

In the dusk of the following night Shulk again found Yamma's scent at the gate, and at daybreak, when the riverside redshanks had proclaimed old Ulach's passage across the fields, Shulk saw the hare pass out under the gate and go up to the moor.

spot, then he looked up, hearing the curlews crying over the rough field, where Ulach was moving off late to his hunting.

The old fox had heard the yelping of the collie at the rabbit burrows.

Shulk turned away from the badger-smell, and in his anger moved with less than his customary caution and almost trod upon

By F. G. TURNBULL

He knew now that dusk was the time of her coming, and that the alarm of the redshanks was the signal for her retreat in the morning.

It was all that he needed to know. Now he could waylay her at his pleasure.

When the third day was ended, and evening came, Shulk left his den early and crept down through the ling and bracken of the moor.

On the shoulder of a ridge overlooking the rough field he stopped and stared.

Down there a young collie was yelping and clawing at rabbit burrows; and at the gate a man was forking the head from the haystack, scattering the hay, which had been stacked damp and was heating, on the ground to dry.

Shulk turned stealthily away. He would kill no Yamma to-night. It mattered little; he had half a pheasant buried in a wood not far distant. His meal was assured.

When he reached the wood, Shulk discovered that his half-pheasant was gone.

There was the stale smell of a badger about the place where the bird had been buried.

Shulk sniffed and pawed at the

Shulk padded restlessly about,

then he looked up at the beheaded eyes staring stack.

From the wall he leapt easily to the top of it, and he found there the viewpoint and the leaping-off point he needed.

He poked up some loose hay with his snout and threw it back over himself for cover from prying eyes above, then he crouched with his muzzle on his paws, watching down the dim slope, and waiting.

Soon the warmth from within the stack penetrated his fur, soothingly, and but for his hunger Shulk could have slept.

The minutes went by, sixty of them, and the sky became pale with the dawn.

Still Yamma did not appear, nor did the signal sound for her departure.

Ulach, late to his hunting, hunted late.

Another half-hour passed, and close to the haystack, under the light grew brighter. Then, at last, the redshanks called by the river.

Down in the myrtle clumps four leverets crept from sight, each to its own small, solitary couch. The old hare Yamma sat up, ears high, hay.

Then she leapt, and leapt again, and again, like a creature gone crazy.

But she left behind only a spot of scent here and there, and no continuous line by which inquisitive snouts could back-track her.

Clear of the heath and myrtle, she fell to her normal loping, making for the gate, with no headwind to warn her of Shulk's presence on the haystack.

She paused twice to look about and listen, and heard the curlews cry their alarm at the low end of the field. Ulach was nearing home.

For half a minute the curlews called, then their notes changed, and Yamma knew that the old fox had gone into the birchwood.

Reassured, she moved on under the primrose-tinted sky, where the last star was fading. She passed close to the haystack, under the gate, and went out unmolested on last, the redshanks called by the river.

On top of the stack Shulk lay motionless.

He had died luxuriously—asphyxiated by gas from the fermenting The End.

QUIZ for today

1. What statue stands in the middle of Leicester Square, London?

2. How much is a British juror allowed "for expenses" when serving at a criminal trial?

3. What is Scotch whisky made from?

4. What name is given to a collector of shells?

5. How old was Bernard Shaw on his 1945 birthday?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Brown, Grey, Black, Sepia, Dun, Umber.

Answers to Quiz in No. 760

1. R.C.

2. £600.

3. Rye.

4. Lepidopterist.

5. Hunting with trained hawks.

6. White is not a colour, but a neutral mixture of all the colours; others are colours.

The Statues Survived

LONDON'S numerous statues fared amazingly well during the enemy attacks on the capital. It is true that King Richard Coeur de Lion had his sword bent, as he sat his horse outside the Houses of Parliament, and one of Nelson's lions, in Trafalgar Square, lost a foot.

But there were extremely few casualties among those well-known figures of London's streets. In some instances it was a great pity.

Some of the most notable statues were evacuated before bombing began, or went shortly afterwards.

Eros left his perch in Piccadilly and went into the country for duration, and Charles the Second said a temporary farewell to the Chelsea Pensioners—it was just as well he did, for the flying bomb that hit Chelsea Hospital would undoubtedly have shattered him.

But Oliver Cromwell saw the war out, unharmed, from his pedestal outside the House of Commons. Abraham Lincoln, standing in thought, was never blown into the stone chair that is always inviting him to sit, Disraeli, Robert Peel (founder of the Bobbies) escaped bomb fragments.

Even though St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, was gutted and bashed by bombs, Samuel Johnson remained calmly contemplating Fleet Street, where he so often walked in his lifetime.

Gladstone, despite direct hits on corner buildings at his back and in front of him (in the Strand) never stirred an inch.

One of the most remarkable escapes was that of Queen Elizabeth, standing in the wall above the entrance of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. Although the church was hit, she remained undisturbed, together with the famous clock.

Ancient and historic buildings fell into rubble: great pieces of architecture crumbled: with them went many statues, busts and commemorative tablets.

I remember walking through the ruins of the London Guildhall the morning after it was destroyed by incendiaries, and, in that mass of broken stonework, only just avoiding stepping on the face of General Gordon.

He lay sternly regarding a pair of nymphs who were embracing a Neptune who had lost his head.

Those of us who, while the blitz was on, thought that at any rate there was a chance of our most incongruous statues being blown to bits rarely had the satisfaction of finding it accomplished.

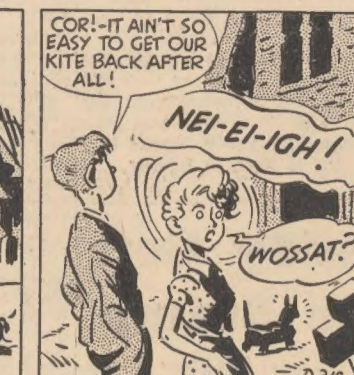
If the Blitz could not remove them, it is unlikely that anything else will. We shall have to endure them.

—D. N. K. B.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 699

1. Behead to filter and get a vehicle.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make sense of:
Asthuaangedtodivetheaound.
3. What type of vegetation can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: You can measure a sock round your closed — to see if it — or not.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 698

1. T-issue.
2. Daddy decided to divide the dividends.
3. TINKLE.
4. Feats, feast.

JANE

Decimal Coinage Might Solve Money Puzzles

THE Government of India recently invited public opinion on its proposal for a decimal coinage for India, in which the rupee will consist of 100 cents instead of 192 pie. The reason for putting forward the proposal at the present moment is a very practical one.

The substitution of copper-nickel coins for the war-time nickel brass will involve a big programme of minting, and the moment would be ideal for introducing new coins with new values.

For a period, it is proposed, old and new coins would circulate side by side with prices expressed in both the "ordinary" and the new decimal coinage.

Britain remains one of the few countries which is not on the decimal system for weights and measures and money. The oddities of British weights and

measures are endless, and it is not surprising that for many years the adoption of the decimal system in some form has been urged by many people.

In 1907 we got as far as a Metric Bill, but the project was defeated.

The most practical plan, put forward by the Decimal Association, seems to be for a simple alteration of the penny that would give 10 pence to a shilling instead of twelve.

With 20 shillings already making a pound, this would call for a minimum alteration, although, of course, a "3d" piece would have to become 2d, and a sixpence a fivepenny piece.

But this plan would call for few new names for coins and would have many advantages. Amongst them would be the simplification of the intricate accounting machines now being

more and more extensively used. Twelve pence to a shilling would mean that they have to be different from the machines of most other countries using coins that "go in tens."

Then there would be the advantage that our money would be much easier to understand in other countries.

This would benefit the tourist and export trades. At least 60 per cent of our exports go to countries which have decimal coinage.

Tourists in Britain are always puzzled by our odd coins and such things as "guineas." Schoolchildren would be saved many hours of learning complicated tables; interest and wages would be much simpler to calculate.

If the reform were extended to all weights and measures the benefits would, of course,

be far greater.

All the complications of working out the cost of so many ounces at so many shillings and pence an ounce would be saved. The time spent on arithmetic at school could probably be halved and much labour saved in costing and accounting.

In actual fact, in the electric and some other industries calling for much calculation, the calculations are already carried out in the metric system, although the results may be expressed in inches.

What are the arguments against the metric system? There is a deep-rooted prejudice against change of any kind.

Switzerland carried out its metric reforms only by retaining the old names and slightly altering the values; and then, after 25 years, making an open

change which encountered no opposition.

There is the practical objection that although ultimately there would be much saving, immediately there would have to be a vast scrapping of weights, rulers, slide-rules and coins, and, of course, there are many people who like the "quaint" weights and measures and find them more interesting than a straightforward multiplication in tens.

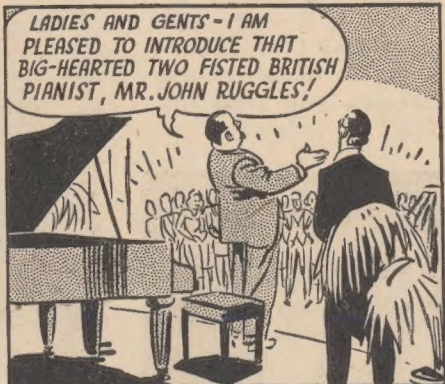
So far these traditional and practical objections have always won when the matter came up for discussion.

Solution to Puzzle in No. 760.

1. k a P o k
2. b o e r s
3. a r E n a
4. e e R i e
5. g r A d e
6. l a G e r
7. o p E r a



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

REMEMBER Datas, the memory man? He used to amaze the world with his marvellous pigeon-hole mind. You could ask him the date of any event, from the Battle of Aboukir Bay to the date when crinolines were introduced. And he had the answer pat.

Still vigorous at the age of seventy, he has given up his stage appearances, but his memory is still remarkable.

He reckons he can still give the right answers for two hours without stopping, if called upon.

He finds that walking helps to keep the memory active, and often goes for a five-mile hike from his home in Elm Park Gardens, Selsdon, near Croydon.

He never forgets a face, a name or a number, and even remembers to remember his wedding anniversary date.

Datas (real name William John Morris Botell) signed an agreement to sell his head (after death) to a syndicate of four American doctors for 10,000 dollars.

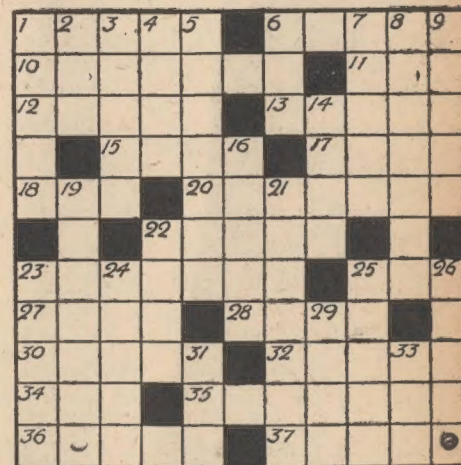
They have all died before him, and now St. Thomas' Hospital will get his astounding noddle.

A TARTAN waistcoat, a gift from Queen Victoria, has been willed to Canon C. C. Bell, of York. It is unlikely that the Canon will add colour to church processions by wearing the bequest, which is a pity.

D-N-K-B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SPIGOT SLAB
ORNAMENT BY
LI GIN OVER
VOW TORPEDO
ERIC RUIN N
DIGIT STEW
T TALK EAT
DYNAMO URGE
A IDEALS EX
MADE MIEN A
SHELF DROSS



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Flower cluster. 6 Gratings. 10 Issue. 11 Pinch. 12 Part of flower. 13 Insect. 15 Purpose. 17 Remedy. 18 Vehicle. 20 Laid. 22 Become aware. 23 Varied. 25 Reptile. 27 College. 28 Company of cattle. 30 Reliance. 32 Girl's name. 34 And so on. 35 Exceeded. 36 Smoky. 37 Surface impressions.

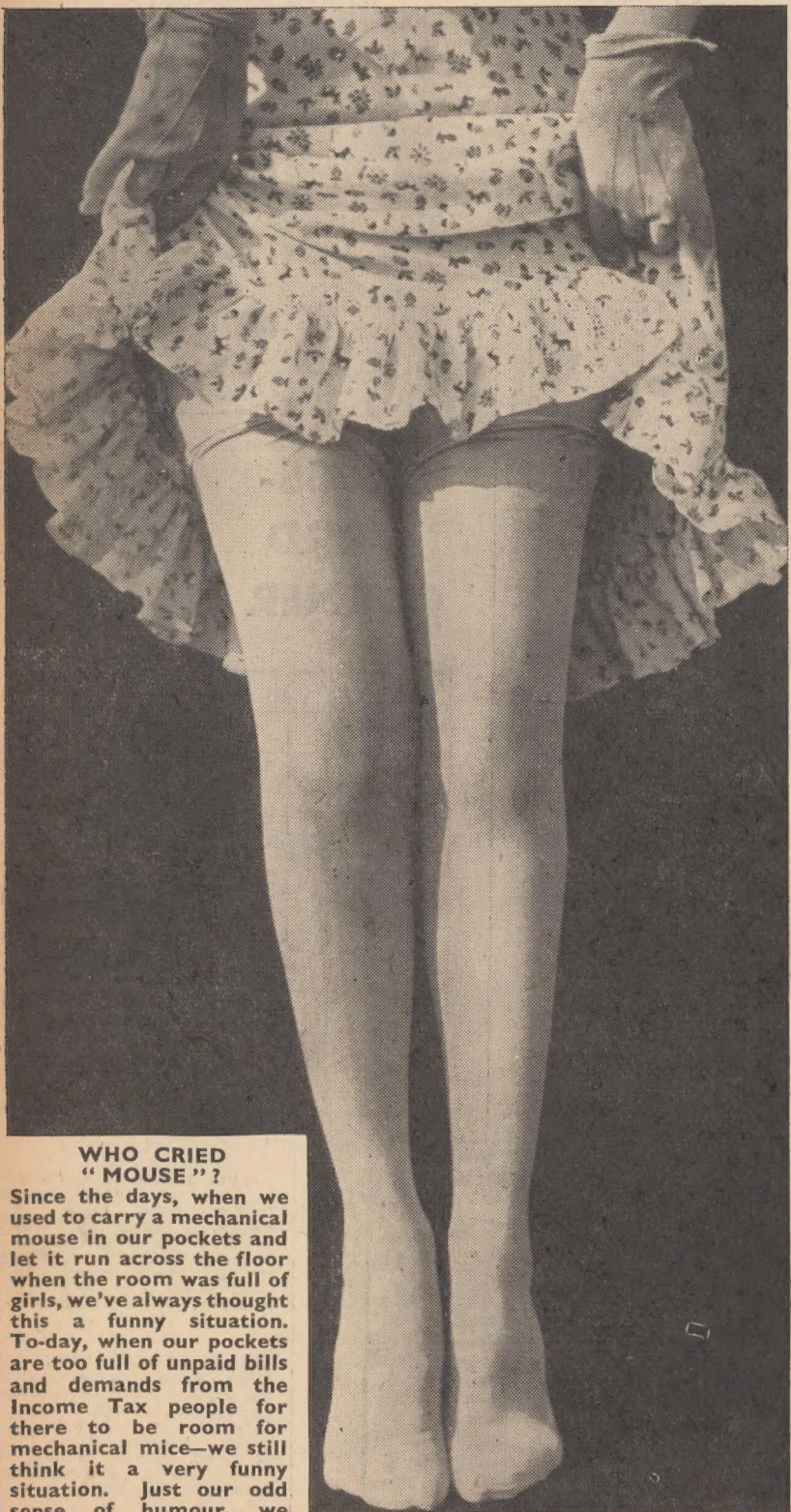
CLUES DOWN.—1 Theme. 2 Shrub. 3 Total. 4 Scrutinise. 5 Man-at-arms. 6 Precious stone. 7 Indian river. 8 Stray. 9 Rapidity. 14 Statue. 16 Tennis stroke. 19 Stir-up. 21 Pinked. 22 Hired out. 23 Put off. 24 Alto. 25 Deck. 26 Trouble taken. 29 Uncommon. 31 Sloop. 33 Entangle.

Good Morning



A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND.

At the corner of this old street in Nottingham, stands a welcome sight. Not, you will readily understand, that every pub is not a welcome sight to earnest seekers after the truth—but this particular pub—Ye Olde Salutation Inn—has been there so long and slaked the thirst of so many good men that it seems more hallowed than most.



WHO CRIED "MOUSE"?

Since the days, when we used to carry a mechanical mouse in our pockets and let it run across the floor when the room was full of girls, we've always thought this a funny situation. To-day, when our pockets are too full of unpaid bills and demands from the Income Tax people for there to be room for mechanical mice—we still think it a very funny situation. Just our odd sense of humour, we suppose.



SHE WANTED TO BE A BOY! Glamorous Marguerite Chapman tells us she would have chucked fame and fortune on the screen for one impossible "if"—if only she could have been a boy! Flabbergasted, we can think of only one thing to say: Aren't you glad she isn't?



STRIP-TEASE BACKWARDS.

Idea is, the lovely gets out of bed. Proceeds to take off her nightie and then to dress slowly and luxuriously in full view of the audience. Whatever will they think of next, we wonder. We hope!



MAD ABOUT HORSES.

This isn't a nightmare nag. In fact it's the Saga Locust—the horse-headed locust that eats its way across half the world's surface. If it were really as large as a horse, the whole world would be at its mercy.



YOUNG KING COAL.

The youngest "coalie" doing the rounds to-day is four-year-old Johnnie King. Here you see him with an outsize in shovels and with his cap at the correct professional angle, happily shovelling the "Derby Brights" down the pavement coal hole. Only thing that puzzles us is, where does he get the coal!

